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MY BOY!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THOMAS H. ROGERS.

He was my only one, my pride,
The star that lit my lonely way,
Since in the van of battle died
His sire on Shiloh's bloody day.
It helped to soothe my fearful woe
To think my boy content would be
At home—a selfish thought, I know,
But he was life and love to me.

Still o'er the verdant Southern meads
The smoke of war obscured the sun,
Still told the days of noble deeds,
Of dire defeats, of victories won.
Still matrons' cheeks grew cold and pale,
Still maidens prayed with bated breath,
Still from the land went up the wail
Of those whose dearest slept in Death.

My boy! I marked his glowing cheek,
The fierce light flaming in his eye,
And knew the words he longed to speak
Where'er a war-bound band went by:—
'Twas thus his father looked, the day
He held me in a last embrace,
Then marched with dauntless heart away,
The Union's impious foes to face.

At length the words came fierce and strong,
The words that chilled my heart with fear,
"Oh, mother, while my comrades throng
To war, why should I linger here?
Our country needs my strength to-day,
The strength of all her yeomen true,
Her pleading voice I must obey,
Nor pass this fearful time with you.

"E'en those who came from foreign lands,
On our free plains new homes to find,
Now march with willing hearts and hands
Where'er our colors woo the wind.
On every hard fought field their cry
Goes up above the battle's din,
And faithful to the last, they die,
In soul, if not in blood, our kin.

"Then why should I whose fathers sleep
These hills, their native soil, below,
A rusted sword in scabbard keep,
Nor burn to strike a patriot's blow?
Thy blessing, mother! make me strong
To do what honor bids me do!
These traitors crushed,—'twi'l not be long,—
And I'll come home again to you."

In vain I clasped him to my heart,
And told him of my widowed state,
And tried with all a mother's art
His war-like ardor to abate.
I spoke of her whose young love he
Held dearest of all things below,
But still he cried, "It cannot be!—
Thy blessing, mother—bid me go!"

And so, with many a burning tear,
For him in prayer I bent the knee,
And asked that God his course would steer,
And bring him safely back to me.
He went!—Once more the gay robed Spring
With emerald treasures strews the plain,
And birds come North on joyous wing,
But *he* will n'er come North again!

Williamsburg, L. I., May, 1863.

$250 Clipper Prize Story.

THE SECRET CONCLAVE;

OR,

THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE IN THE FIVE POINTS.

A STORY OF NEW YORK CITY LIFE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. A. UNDERWOOD.

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CHAPTER XIV.

LUKE AVERILL PAYS A VISIT—ERNESTINE DE SELEGUE—A TENDER SCENE—THE PROPOSITION—EDWARD GRAFTON VISITS THE THEATRE—THE INVITATION—THE SIREN AND HER VICTIM—THE DIAMOND RING—THE QUADROON DANCES—THE VICTIM ENSNARED—THE FORGERY—THE RENDEZVOUS—THE MODERN ASPASIA.

Three months after the events related in the last chapter, Mr. Luke Averill left his place of business at four o'clock in the afternoon, and proceeded up town. He turned into Bond street, and stopped before a private house. It was a small, unpretending dwelling, with a little garden in front of it, which appeared to be kept with remarkable neatness. Luke rang the bell, and in a minute or two the door was opened, and he stepped in. The interior bore a remarkable contrast with the exterior. It was furnished in the most gorgeous style. Every article in the drawing room was of the most expensive kind. The walls were covered with blue and gold French paper, and ornamented with exquisite oil paintings, which decidedly verged on the indelicate, representing for the most part female forms in a state of nudity. A handsome rosewood piano, brocatelle chairs, a soft Turkey carpet, and pink satin curtains made up the furniture.

The door was opened by a young quadroon girl, excessively pretty, with dark eyes and rounded form.

"Is your mistress in?" asked Luke.

"Yes, sir, she is in the drawing-room."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir; I will go and let her know that you are here."

"It is unnecessary. I will announce myself."

He entered the drawing-room, and found a magnificent girl reclining in a large rocking-chair, engaged in reading. She was not more than twenty years of age, and bewitchingly beautiful. Her hair was intensely black, and her eyes dark and piercing. She wore a black silk dress, cut very low in the neck, which contrasted admirably with the dazzling whiteness of her skin. Her lips were red and slightly pouting, her cheeks as soft and downy as a newly plucked peach, and tinted with the hue of perfect health. Her complexion was as pure as a lily, and her whole form cast in a most voluptuous mould. Her shoulders were as white as alabaster and her bust, which her low-cut dress more than half-revealed, was a model of firmness, elasticity, and exquisite development. The attitude she had assumed was one of the most graceful *abandon*, and her tiny feet resting on an ottoman, caused her dress to be slightly raised, revealing limbs of the most superb proportions. This young girl was Mademoiselle Ernestine de Selegue, the French danseuse of the Park Theatre.

"Ernestine!" said Luke, after gazing a moment on the lovely girl.

"Ah *Mon Dieu*—is that you, Mr. Luke!" she exclaimed, jumping from her seat and running to him"—*baisez moi mon cher!* (Kiss me my dear!)

And she held her beautiful face temptingly close to his. He pressed his lips to hers,

"O, it is an age since I saw you," said Ernestine, gazing lovingly in his face, "*On avez vous ete loui ce temps la?* (Where have you been all this time?")

"O, I have been so busy that I could not possibly get here before."

As Mademoiselle Ernestine spoke very little English and Luke Averill spoke French well, the conversation was now carried on in the latter language, which we will translate for the benefit of our readers.

"And you have left me without any one to console me."

"O, Ernestine, you have plenty of lovers."

"O, you wicked man!" said Ernestine, playfully dragging him to a sofa, on which they both sat. "Why don't you kiss me—why are you so cold?" she added, leaning voluptuously against him. He drew her within his arms, so that the back of her head rested on his left shoulder. By casting down his eyes, he had a view of her superb bosom. The sight of these charms excited him to the utmost, his hands shared the happiness of his eyes, and he deliriously wandered from charm to charm—at last he fell between her arms, their lips were confounded together, and voluptuous expressions escaped them.

* * * * * * * *

"Dear Ernestine," said Luke, "I want you to do a favor for me. To-night there will be a young man in the Park Theatre, in the private box on the left-hand side. I want you to ask him to sup with you; encourage him as much as you please, but do not let him go beyond a certain length, unless he makes you a present of a diamond ring. If you succeed in getting the ring, you can grant him whatever favors you please. The diamond



MRS. JULIA DEAN HAYNE.

This artist (of whom the above is a striking likeness) was born in the village of Pleasant Valley, Dutchess County, N. Y., July 22, 1830. First appeared on the stage as Lady Ellen, in the "Lady of the Lake." First appeared in New York in May, 1845, at the Bowery Theatre, filling the theatre to overflowing for thirteen nights. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, Nov. 24, '46, as Julia, in the "Hunchback," at the Arch-street Theatre. In 1856 was married to Dr. Hayne. In June, 1856, she was playing in California, meeting with triumphant success. After an absence of thirteen months she returned to New York, having made $20,000 clear. At present this lady is playing in San Francisco, Cal. As an actress, her merits are considerable; her conception of character is quick and correct; her development of it always marked by intelligence, discrimination, and good taste. She always dresses her part with singular propriety. In private life she is much beloved, on account of an exceedingly amiable character.

ring must be worth five hundred dollars, and if you are successful, I will make you a present of two hundred more; so you will be a gainer of seven hundred dollars."

"Ah! I see; you want me to tempt him, to make him give me a ring worth five hundred dollars."

"Exactly; with your charms you can make him sell his soul to you."

"But why, Luke, do you want him to give me the ring?"

"That is my business, Ernestine. You will have possession of a handsome ring and two hundred dollars; that ought to satisfy you."

"But tell me, Luke; is he handsome?"

"Exceedingly so."

"Very well, I consent. I will invite him to supper here to-night and see what I can do with him."

After prolonging the conversation a little longer, Luke took his leave.

That same evening, at eight o'clock, Edward Grafton, Mr. Luke Averill's clerk, entered the Park Theatre. His employer had that morning made him the present of the ticket, stating that he could not use it himself. He entered the private box. At last Ernestine de Selegue made her appearance on the stage. In the slight attire she had on, her voluptuous body was seen in all its exquisite proportions. Her splendid bust and magnificent limbs would have moved a devotee. As the beautiful girl glided about the stage, she cast languishing glances on Edward, and smiled in a peculiar manner. These advances made his blood boil in his veins.

When the ballet was over, one of the employees of the theatre entered the box, and handed Edward a little pink note deliciously scented. He opened it, and read it as follows:—

"Come and sup with me this evening, at No. — Bond street. I shall be alone. ERNESTINE DE SELEGUE."

The excitable young man was at the seventh heaven of delight at this invitation, and started immediately for the rendezvous. He was let in by the pretty quadroon who immediately showed him into the drawing room. Ernestine de Selegue was voluptuously extended on a sofa. She had changed her dress since she returned from the theatre, and was now ravishing to behold. Her costume was oriental and of almost transparent texture; the skirt reached scarcely to her knees, and allowed to be seen the plumpness, roundness, and perfection of her lovely limbs. The dress could scarcely be said to cover her bust at all, for two ivory globes, which Apelles might have taken for a model for his Venus, were almost entirely exposed, and the manner in which they rose and fell with her breathing, almost drove Edward crazy. Her arms, entirely uncovered, hung negligently by the side of the sofa, and were rounded in the same exquisite proportions as her limbs.

Edward threw himself on his knees, and pressed a kiss on her lovely white hand.

"Kiss my lips, *mon cher*," said she.

He pressed a kiss of fire on her rosy, humid lips, and his hand had already fallen on her shoulder, and was gliding towards her bosom, when she arrested it.

"Wait until after supper, *mon cher*," said she.

Young Grafton was obliged to be satisfied with kisses, but he could not turn his eyes from the two palpitating alabaster globes which seemed to invite the pressure of his hand. In a few minutes the beautiful quadroon came to inform them that supper was served. He offered Ernestine his arm, and they entered the supper room and sat down to an exquisite repast, where everything calculated to excite the senses was served. Grafton was in a perfect delirium. Molten fire seemed to be flowing through his veins, and his flushed face and trembling hands showed how much the lovely siren had enthralled him.

After supper they returned to the drawing room, and Edward again took his place beside the young girl on the sofa. She took his hands in hers, and leaning voluptuously against him so that he felt her perfumed breath on his cheek, and her warm bosom pressed against his chest, she said:—

"Edward Grafton, I love you, and I am willing, under a certain condition which I shall name by-and-by, to grant you the fullest privileges. Kiss me, *mon cher*."

He seized her frantically in his arms, and pressed a thousand hot, burning kisses on her lips, neck, and shoulders. Again his hand wandered, but again she restrained him.

"Have patience," said she, "when you have acceded to the request I have to make you, I will be yours."

"O! name it, lovely being, and rest assured it is already granted," said Edward, almost out of his senses.

"I will tell you by-and-by; in the meantime, Annette shall amuse us with a dance."

So saying, she clapped her hands, and the beautiful quadroon appeared.

"Annette," said she, "go and dress yourself in oriental costume, and show this gentleman how well you can dance."

The quadroon courtesied without saying a word, and in a few minutes returned. The moment he saw her, young Grafton uttered a cry of astonishment, admiration, and delight. The exquisitely formed girl was in a state of complete nudity, with the exception of an almost transparent skirt from her waist. Her lovely bust was entirely uncovered, and the thin texture of the single article of attire she wore, allowed the whole of her lovely limbs to be seen in all their voluptuous fulness and roundness. Ernestine seated herself at the piano, and played a waltz. The quadroon then commenced a dance, the description of which a sense of decency compels us to omit. It answered the purpose, however, of rendering the unfortunate young man a pliant tool in the hands of the temptress.

After the dance was finished Annette left the apartment, and young Grafton was again alone with the siren. She placed herself on his knees, and rested one of her feet on the sofa, and by this attitude, one of her beautiful limbs was brought out in full relief. Edward's trembling fingers slipped her light gauze dress from her ivory shoulders, and pressed a thousand kisses on her superb bosom, she making but slight resistance. But when he became more curious, she again stopped him.

"Dear Edward," said she, "I lay no claim to virtue, in fact, I confess I am a perfect Aspasia—and I am willing to make you my lover on condition that you make me a present of a diamond ring as a *gage d'amour*. This ring must be worth five hundred dollars. Give me it and I am yours for as long as you please."

As she spoke these words she pressed him tightly to her throbbing breast, and pressed her dewy lips to his in a voluptuous kiss. The poison worked; he was her's, body and soul.

"Lovely angel, I would sell my soul to possess you. To-morrow night you shall have the ring."

"And you shall lead such a night of pleasure that your wildest dreams have never imagined," she replied.

And as a reward for his complaisance, she pressed him to her with amorous fury, and he partook of her delirium. But she would not permit him to go beyond a certain point.

It was four o'clock in the morning when he left, bewildered, intoxicated, and crazy with love. It was ten o'clock before he reached the office that morning. He resolved at any price to obtain the diamond ring. At noon he was left alone in the office. Mr. Luke Averill's check book lay temptingly on the desk. He could imitate his employer's signature exactly. Without reflecting what he was doing, he filled up a check for five hundred dollars, and put Luke Averill's name to it. When he went to his dinner he got it cashed and purchased a magnificent diamond ring with the proceeds. If he had watched Mr. Luke Averill's face when he entered the office in the afternoon, he would have seen a peculiar smile flit across it. But his senses were in such a whirl of excitement that he noticed nothing.

He again visited the theatre that night, and was again greeted with the killing glances of the beautiful danseuse. She read in his countenance that he had procured the ring. After the ballet was over he ran to Ernestine's residence in Bond street, and was admitted by the beautiful quadroon. She informed him that her mistress was waiting for him in the drawing-room. He ran up stairs and burst into the apartment. He uttered a cry of wonder and delight. Ernestine lay on the sofa in a state of nature, a thin gauze was spread over her, through which he could distinctly trace the outlines of her voluptuous form. He ran, and kneeling by her side, presented the diamond ring to her. Her milk white arms emerged from the gauze coverlet, and winding them round his neck, she pressed his head down to her throbbing breast.

"I am yours—yours!" she exclaimed.

Grafton, in a state of delirious joy, tore away the gauze texture which covered her, and she lay before him like Venus rising from the sea. Her skin was like satin and of dazzling whiteness, and brought into full relief by her ebon hair which she had let down and now streamed on her ivory shoulders. Her slender waist, her voluptuous bosom, her rosy lips, her animated color, her glorious eyes which shot forth glances that could not be mistaken, all presented to his eager eyes the perfection of the mother of love.

Entirely beyond himself, Grafton began to think that his happiness could not be real. It was not until she seized his hand and placed it on one of her heaving breasts that he awoke from his state of trance.

"Come, dear Edward—come!" she murmured.

In another moment he was folded in her snowy arms.

* * * * * * * *

It was six o'clock in the morning when he returned home.

CHAPTER XV.

DOCTOR BRANDON'S BREAKFAST HOUR—BRIDGET AND THE PAGE—TETE-A-TETE BETWEEN DOCTOR AND MRS. BRANDON—MRS. B. REQUIRES A CHANGE OF AIR—THE DOCTOR'S HESITATION—THE DOCTER GIVES HIS CONSENT—INTERVIEW BETWEEN MESSRS. WALTON AND AVERILL.

It is a warm August morning, three months after the events related in the last chapter. The sun is already high in the heavens, and the streets present that lazy appearance which is to be seen in perfection in an American city during the dog-days. Storekeepers stand at their doors, wipe the perspiration from their brows, and amuse themselves watching the broad shadow cast by the houses growing less and less; it has already shrunk to the pavement, and in a short time the glare of the sun will oblige them to retire into back rooms, where, by frequent applications to the water cooler, they endeavor to battle with the heat as best they can. The flies are having a gala-time, they buzz into one's ears, and keep up a continual hum to the annoyance and disgust of nervous people.

The aforesaid flies appear to be particularly busy around Dr. Brandon's breakfast table, which was already set, although there was no one there to partake of it—the doctor and his wife and daughter not having made their appearance. The inquisitive little insects were evidently determined to make an exploration of all the articles on the breakfast table. A whole legion of them had taken possession of the sugar-bowl; some being busy on the outside, while the white lumps of sugar were entirely hidden from view by myriads of others. Another detachment were making a reconnoisance of a plate of bread—so that a short distance off it looked as if it were studded with currants. A few others, more adventurous, were suffering for their temerity by being stuck fast in a mass of half liquid butter, from which they struggled in vain to extricate themselves.

"Drat the flies!" said Doctor Brandon's new page, a promising colored boy, who was called Orlando by his mistress, although his real name was Jem. "Drat the flies! it's no use in whisking on 'em away, they come back agin more num'rous than ever."

Orlando, however, set to work vigorously, and soon cleared the table of the enemy. He had scarcely effected this when the maid of all work entered, and deposited on the table a savory dish of eggs and bacon.

"My golly! that smells nice," said Orlando, smacking his lips.

"Now look here, Orlando," said Bridget—"don't you be after putting your fingers into the fat, as you did yesterday morning, or I'll tell your missis on you."

"You just shut up, Irish," said the page. "I didn't do nothing of the kind. I was only taking out a dead fly."

"I know better, you nasty, colored varmint! didn't I see you with my own blessed eyes?"

"No you didn't, Irish. You're allers down on me, but I'll be even with you some day, I can tell you."

"You lazy, good-for-nothing nigger—if I was the doctor, I'd soon clear you out of here."

"Niggers are as good as Irish any day of the week."

The war waxed warm, and there is no knowing how it might have ended had not Doctor Brandon entered the room with a paper in his hand. At the sight of him the two irascible domestics immediately cooled down.

The worthy physician was evidently fatter than when we last saw him, and seemed if possible to have increased in consequence. He seated himself at table, and although he was very hungry he did not dare to commence his breakfast until his better half made her appearance. He waited patiently five minutes, by that time the savory smell had such an effect upon him that he summoned up courage to say to Bridget:—

"Go and tell Mrs. Brandon that breakfast is ready."

"There is no reason to send for me," exclaimed the voice of that amiable lady, who entered at that moment. "You are mighty early this morning, Doctor Brandon—it's a pity you don't get up as early every day."

"Why, my dear, it's past nine o'clock," said the Doctor, apologetically, "and I thought perhaps you might have overslept yourself."

"You have no business to think anything about me. When do I ever keep you waiting for breakfast?"

"I know, my dear——"

"No, you don't know—you are an unreasonable, perverse man, Brandon. Here I slave—slave for you all day long, and get no thanks. Other husbands can take their wives to watering places, but I am obliged to stick at home, summer after summer."

"Well—but, my dear, you know my professional duties——"

"But *I* have no professional duties, Doctor Brandon, and I don't see why I should be obliged to remain in the city when everybody else is out. Why can't I board at the Pavilion, at Brighton, in Staten Island? You can come and spend every Sunday there."

"Well, my love, I will see about it."

"O yes, I know what that means. I tell you what it is, Brandon, I insist on going. There are plenty of people that I know there. Let me see—there's the Waltons, Mr. Luke Averill and Mr. Mordant's family there, and also the Rev. Ebenezer Canter. The fact is, Brandon, I am ill, and the change of air will do me good."

"Why, my dear, you are the picture of health."

"Of course you will say that, but I suppose I know my own feelings best. It's a wretched thing being married to a doctor; one never gets any sympathy."

"Now, you are unjust. When you are really ill, don't I do all I can to persuade you to take medicine."

"Yes, *your* medicine—but I am not such a great goose as that. You only want to experiment on me, and if I were to take your filthy drugs, I should soon be in my grave."

"Now, really, Mrs. Brandon——"

"There, say no more about it; what I want to know is, am I to go to the Pavilion, or not? It would also do Emily good. She is now suffering so much with headache that she can't get up to breakfast."

"I am afraid we can't afford it. You know, in the summer time, I am not very busy."

Yes, but you spend money about yourself fast enough—it's a perfect cantion to see the cigars you smoke, to say nothing of the brandy you guzzle down."

By this time the meal was concluded, and to escape the further importunities of his wife, Doctor Brandon was about to beat a retreat, when he was stopped by his better half.

"I tell you what it is, Brandon," said that amiable lady, "I insist on going to Brighton. I won't hear a word to the contrary, but shall pack up my things at once."

"Well, my dear," said the doctor, who saw it was no use contending any more—"if you really wish it, I suppose I must consent. I shall spend every Sunday with you, and as there are many of my patients staying there, I may be able to turn it to my advantage."

"Of course you may; a talented physician like you is sure to get plenty to do there," said Mrs. Brandon, considerably mollified by her husband's consent. "Who knows but you may perhaps be able to make your expenses?"

"I hope so. Get all your things packed up, and I will take you and Emily by the four o'clock boat."

"We'll be ready, you may depend upon that,"

Doctor Brandon left the house to make some professional calls, while Mrs. Brandon set about making preparations for her intended trip. At two o'clock the physician returned, and found his wife in the best possible spirits; in fact, as he stated confidentially to a friend, he had never seen her in better humor.

After partaking of a hasty dinner, a carriage was called, and the doctor, accompanied by his wife and daughter, proceeded to the Staten Island Ferry. In due time they reached the Pavilion, where Mrs. Brandon and Emily were provided with a suitable room. It was rather high up, to be sure, but then it was so much pleasanter than being at home.

Doctor Brandon was right as to the fact of a great number of his patients being there; but, unfortunately, they all appeared to be in excellent health. The doctor sighed when he saw their rosy cheeks, and was conscious that as a medical speculation, his visit would be a failure. He was, however, cordially received by his friends, and the evening passed away very agreeably.

On the same evening that he arrived, Mr. Walton and Mr. Luke Averill were seated in the apartment of the latter, engaged in very earnest conversation. Mr. Walton had entirely recovered from his attack of the gout, and looked the picture of health. Luke was pale, but in other respects, looked well. He was dressed in deep black; this, with his white neckerchief, gave him the appearance of a clergyman. He had been very taciturn since his brother's death, which appeared to prey very much on his mind. He was now very wealthy, for the whole of his uncle's large fortune had fallen to him in default of a will; for the one prepared the night before the General's decease, could not be found.

"I tell you, Mr. Averill, said Mr. Walton, in an angry tone, "the young fellow is in the house now, and sees Maud every day. I have no doubt they meet by stealth, although I can't prove it."

"But, my dear sir, you should exert your authority as a parent."

"I do as much as I can, but by heavens! she shall marry you; I am determined on that head."

"I will endeavor to do my duty and make her a good husband."

"I know that, Mr. Averill; if I did *not* think so, she should never marry you, for although wealth is one thing, my child's happiness is even of greater importance. I can but think, however, that this preference for young Mordaunt is merely a foolish caprice. At all events, I would rather see her in her grave than marry him."

"You are right, Mr. Walton; although I cannot think it proper to bear malice, there can be no doubt about it, that the Mordaunts have always stood in your way. If it had not been for this young man's father's opposition, you would undoubtedly have been Member of Congress at the last election."

"I know it—I know it, and it nearly makes me wild to think that the son should dare to aspire to my daughter's hand, but the question which now agitates my mind is whether to remain here or not. I dislike the idea of being obliged to leave on his account, and yet I am persuaded that they see each other often. Can you suggest no plan to keep them apart?"

"You can forbid her to see him."

"I am afraid that would be of but little use. I have said everything I can on the subject."

"Perhaps he will not remain here long. I wonder how he has been spared so long. The house of Mordaunt & Son do a very large business, and he is a most important member of the firm."

"That's the worst of it," said Mr. Walton, in a musing voice. "There cannot be the least thing brought against his moral character. Now, if he were only dissipated, I should have no difficulty whatever in obliterating Maud's love for him—but the fact is, as far as I can learn, his character is beyond reproach."

"I don't know so much about that," replied Luke Averill, after having reflected a moment or two, "I have heard some reports in the city detrimental to Henry Mordaunt."

"Indeed! of what nature?"

"I have heard that he gambles."

"Prove it," said Mr. Walton, jumping from his seat, "and all difficulties will be swept away. I am sure she will immediately cast him off forever."

"I will make enquiries in town about the matter. By the by, Mr. Walton, I would recommend you to buy some Central Railroad stock—it's bound to go up."

"Your knowledge of financial affairs is excellent, Averill. I made a good thing out of those State Bonds I bought by your advice. I shall certainly take your hint about the Central Railroad."

This conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door, which, being opened, revealed the person of Doctor Brandon, who came bustling into the apartment with that peculiar air of importance which a physician knows so well how to assume.

"Excuse my intruding," said he, "but I heard you were here, Mr. Walton, and wanted to see how you were. I have brought my wife and daughter here, but I must be back in the morning. A physician you know, can never command his own time."

"I am delighted to see you, doctor," said Mr. Walton, extending his hand. "Anything new in town?"

"Nothing very particular—several deeds of blood have been committed during the past week, and no clue to the assassins, either."

"It is very strange," said Mr. Luke Averill; "I think the police must be very remiss."

"There is a good deal of mystery about the matter," replied the doctor. "Especially is this the case with respect to the motives for the deed. None of these people appear to have been robbed; and it would almost seem as if the victims were put out of the way to gratify private malice. But at all events, there is great excitement in the city."

"I agree with Mr. Averill, said Mr Walton, "the police certainly do not do their duty. How do you get on with your professorship, doctor?"

"Admirably! the school has increased very much since I took the chair of anatomy. We shall begin the next season with a larger number of students than any college in the country. What I aim at is, a popular style of teaching; you can't think how fond the young men have become of dissecting!"

"Anything new in the political world, doctor?" asked Mr. Luke Averill.

"Nothing much; they say Mr. Mordaunt, Sen., is to receive the Tammany Hall nomination for Governor this fall."

"That can scarcely be true," said Mr. Walton, turning pale. He is not a sound democrat."

"I had it from very good authority; one of the delegates elect told me he would be their candidate. By-the-by, I see by the hotel book, that Mr. Henry Mordaunt is staying here. He is a very praiseworthy young man. I must see him before I go. It is my opinion, Mr. Walton, that he is rather taken in a certain quarter."

"If you mean by that, doctor, that there is anything between my daughter and this young man, allow me to assure you that you are mistaken. I am aware there are certain foolish reports abroad, but have the goodness to contradict them whenever you hear them."

"I am sure, I beg pardon," stammered the doctor; "I was not

aware that such an alliance did not meet your views. I have doubtless been misinformed."

At this moment the gong summoning the boarders to supper sounded through the hotel, and thus put an end to the conversation. A large number of persons took their seats at the supper table. Among them was Maud, looking more beautiful than ever. At some distance lower down the table sat Henry Mordaunt.

During the meal, the lovers conversed with each other by glances, and anybody watching them would have immediately surmised the truth, that they were deeply in love with each other. Luke Averill watched them closely, so that not a single sign passed between them that he did not read.

After the meal was over, Maud, throwing a light shawl over her head, strolled out of doors towards the beach. She was alone, having refused several who would have accompanied her to the beach. She had not proceeded far, however, before she was joined by Henry Mordaunt. They then proceeded together to the waterside.

Averill had never lost sight of them for a moment, but followed them stealthily. At last, by taking a round-about path, he managed to get before them, and concealed himself behind a clump of trees. The lovers soon approached, and seated themselves on a fallen tree close to the place where Averill was concealed.

He watched and listened.—[To be continued.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. P. SHIELDS, N. J. Vols., Washington, D. C.—1. Your paper is mailed to your address regularly. If you do not receive them the blame rests only with the Post Office Department. 2 Thursday evening, Nov. 13, 1856, was the date that John Brougham played in New York and Philadelphia on the same night. It was a speculation by Henry C. Jarrett, who cleared about $800 by the trip. The company played a piece at the Bowery, New York, and started at 7.40 from foot of Courtlandt street; left Jersey City 7.52. Passed Newark, 8.04; Elizabethtown, 8.11; New Brunswick, 8.32; Trenton, 9.15. Reached Kensington depot, Philadelphia, 10 o'clock. Were on the stage of the National Theatre, (now Continental) Philadelphia, at 10.30. The company returned to New York late at night. Quite a number of persons accompanied the party to Philadelphia and back. It was one of the greatest theatrical traveling feats, as well as a good "gag," that was ever attempted.

A GAME OF CRIBBAGE.—"A deals, B plays an eight, A plays a seven, and takes two for fifteen, B plays a nine and takes three for a sequence. A says it is a "go." B then plays another seven and claims five holes more; three for the sequence and two for thirty-one, which A disputes. Who is right?".....A is right. The eight was covered and could not be counted in a sequence in B's last play, two for "thirty-one" being all he was entitled to.

J. R., Eavenstown, Ill.—1. Edwin Forrest was born in Philadelphia, March 9, 1806. He was first in a German Importing House; then with a Ship Chandler. His first appearance on the stage was at the Old South Street Theatre, in his native city. Mr. F. *has* appeared in the sawdust arena, having performed a stilt vaulting act. He has also turned many a "flip-flap." 2. We do not know anything about the book you inquire for.

BURNT CORK.—1. Mr. Lester Wallack was born in New York city in 1819. 2. Made his first appearance on the stage at the Broadway Theatre, New York, in 1847, as Charles Surface, in "School for Scandal." 3. He visited London, and made his *debut* at the Haymarket Theatre.

SPORT, Carlo, Ill.—Such notices as you wish inserted would very properly be considered as prompted by spleen, the more so as we are not personally cognizant of the circumstances. Furthermore, you do not give your own name, and we do not wish to be any one's catspaw in such matters.

WM. ST. C.—1. In playing "all fours," when all the cards but one are exhausted through the frequency of the same trump being turned up, the cards should be bunched, and a new deal had. 2. The dealer was entitled to his one point for Jack, as that is scored immediately it is turned.

FIFTH AVENUE.—1. Black Maria, Trifle, Lady Relief and Shark, ran in the twenty mile event you allude to. 2. Henry, not *Sir* Henry, who ran the great race with Eclipse, was a Virginia bred horse.

FAGAN THE WHISTLER, New York.—1. "Angelo" now performing with Jane English and "Young America," are not the same. 2. Harry Chapman has been in the Western country for many years until within a year. 3. L. R. Shewell is the leading man at Niblo's.

W. J. F., Nashville, Tenn.—"In playing Euchre, A leads the left bower, (Jack of Diamonds); if any of the players have diamonds in hand, but no trumps, are they obliged to play a diamond?".....No.

G. F.—1. Mrs. Jane English is the mother of the Star Sisters, Misses Helen and Lucille Western. 2. Mr. Wm. B. English is their step-father. 3. They were born in Boston, Mass., and made their first appearance on any stage in that city.

HERBERT, New York.—An individual would not be considered a citizen under such circumstances, and therefore is not liable to draft.

W. S. M., Hartford.—The poetry is not quite up to the mark; at another time you may do better; if so, we shall give you a hearing.

J. H. R., New Haven.—We have a correspondent in your city; the *true* cause of the non-performance of the lady referred to, was given in last week's issue of the CLIPPER.

S. B., Philadelphia.—Many thanks for your kind offer, but you will see that we have all the news weekly itemised. Long criticisms etc., we have no room for.

G. H. S., Washington, D. C.—1. Unfortunately we are unable to make up the file complete; what we have, however, are at your service at six cents per copy. 2. Thanks for good opinion.

A. B. Z., Baltimore.—We do not charge anything for the insertion of the little cuts you refer to. They are drawn, engraved, and published at our own expense.

CONSTANT READER, 15th Reg., N. Y. V.—1. Morrissey and Sullivan fought Oct. 12, 1853. 2. Poole was shot Feb. 24, 1855, but though the ball lodged *in his heart*, lived till March 4th.

J. M. K., Army of Potomac, Va.—A and B are playing 21, or Vingtun. A deals, and both get naturals. Who wins?.....It is a "stand off."

C. K. J., Philadelphia.—1. No copies of that date on hand. 2 Mrs. John Wood and Mrs. Barney Williams are not sisters. 3. Her husband is still living.

AN AMATEUR PEDESTRIAN, Hamilton, C. W.—The book may be procured through Messrs. Wilmer & Rogers, No. 47 Nassau street, but at what price we know not.

PENNA ZOUAVES, Camp White Oaks, Va.—Either at the Old Bowery, New York, or at Welch's National, Philadelphia, about twenty years ago. We cannot state positively (at present) which.

H. D., Detroit, Mich.—Address M. T. Tyler, No. 44 Ann street, N. Y.

J. O'NEILL, Springfield, Mass.—You will have to apply to some artist in that line.

OTTAWA CITY.—If, in your regular turn, you did not elect to play alone, you cannot do so after another has so decided.

ROMULUS, N. Y.—Phil Clare's height in his stocking feet, so we are credibly informed, is 5 feet 8¾ inches.

HENRY HUNT, Oswego Co., N. Y.—We send you all the back numbers of the story that we have on hand.

ADMIRER OF MCCLELLAN.—We have not the space to spare just now.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—A is right. Brooklyn is larger than either of the cities named.

J. W., New York.—It is altogether a matter of taste, but the Leander Boat Club, would not be inappropriate.

A. S., Ottawa City.—After he has declared, you cannot "order him off," and play alone, yourself.

C. D., Louisville, Ky.—She is not married; see notice in last week's CLIPPER.

READER, Brooklyn.—Call on Mr. Lazarus, in Centre street; perhaps he will accommodate you.

L. H. B., Bangor, Me.—We have sufficient on hand to last us for some time yet.

NE PLUS ULTRA, Brooklyn.—The man who bet he would *beat* eleven, loses.

FIREMAN.—Our impression is, that the oath still binds you, unless a stipulated time was mentioned.

BANDON, St. Louis.—Heenan fought but once in this country, and that was with Morrissey.

NEWS AGENT, Baltimore.—Tom Sayers has never been in this country.

COLLAR, Philadelphia.—We don't know.

J. V. C., Chicago.—It is a lost bird, beyond doubt.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

Nothing fresh has transpired in regard to Ward's challenge to row Hamill on the Hudson, neither Ward nor his backers having received anything from Hamill since our last. Mr. Stephen Roberts is in receipt of a letter from Hamill's backer, certain points of which have been submitted for our perusal. They are but a repetition of what appeared in last week's CLIPPER, and it useless, therefore, to give them here. Ward, we presume, will attend to his regular business, and thus the affair ends. Hamill, we hear, will attend the Boston regatta, on the 4th of July, but Ward will not be there, as his duties at present will prevent his leaving Newburg. Our Pittsburgh friends will no doubt feel a little disappointed at the failure of the attempt to bring Ward and Hamill together again, as many of them expressed the opinion that Hamill would only be too glad to meet Ward anywhere.

A BAD BEGINNING.

Some time ago announcement was made that a series of trotting matches had been arranged between the owners of the horses Gen. Butler and George M. Patchen, and from the representations made, it was inferred that the public were to have a treat in the exhibition of speed between those two animals; several races were said to have been arranged for $5000 on each event. Wednesday, May 27th, was the day selected for the first contest, and the Fashion Course named as the track upon which the important match was to be decided. When two horses of note are advertised to come together, in what is believed to be a fair and honest test of speed, a large attendance is always sure to be the result, and so it proved on the occasion of the race on the 27th ult., there being upwards of five thousand persons present, from all parts of the State, and in fact from all parts of the country. Horses and vehicles of all kinds were at a premium, nearly everything in the shape of horse-flesh being engaged several days in advance. In another part of this issue of the CLIPPER, our reporter gives an account of the trot, and incidents therewith connected. Our purpose, in writing this article, is to make mention of the unsatisfactory character of the race, and to comment on the expressed opinion of many that the result of the trot had been determined before the horses entered upon the apparent struggle. It appears that since the announcement was first made of the match, Patchen was the favorite in the betting, and so continued, we believe, until a day or two before the event was to be decided, when Butler suddenly crept into favor, a number of "knowing ones" and their satellites coming out with offers of long odds in favor of the General, while some of the sharp ones who had previously ventured their money on Patchen, now sought every opportunity to hedge; the effect of which was to create the suspicion that there was a screw loose somewhere, and that "the thing had been set." During the race, odds of $100 to $25 were freely offered on Butler, and even when Patchen was permitted to win the first heat, *the odds on Butler remained at the figures quoted*, with offers to wager any amount at these rates, and so it continued to the end. Some persons who must be "ignorant" of turf affairs, candidly avow that Patchen was purposely "held back," while others, equally "verdant," assure us that one heat credited to Butler, was unmistakably a "dead heat;" others say it was a "dead beat"—this latter, however, we think is intended as sarcasm. Be that as it may, after a trot of four heats, Butler was awarded the race, and whatever money may have been pending the result. To say that the whole affair was unsatisfactory to the numerous class of disinterested persons present, is but the plain truth; and we have heard many prejudgment individuals characterize the match as a great wrong, if not a decided fraud.

It is much to be regretted that the season has thus opened under such discouraging auspices. With many others, we had anticipated some good and honest trotting matches this season; we had hoped that the disastrous results of the past two or three years would have deterred all parties from renewing the fraudulent transactions which have cast such a blight upon the "Turf," of late years; but it seems that we are to be disappointed, that the trotting turf is to continue under the control of men who make a gambling speculation of it, and who can name the winning horse long before the race takes place. Of course the public will not care to witness the second event of the series, which is fixed for June 3d. Disappointed in one instance, they will not subject themselves to a second disappointment, and we do not believe there will be much of an attendance on Wednesday, June 3d, when Patchen and Butler are to repeat their burlesque on the trotting turf.

THE CHAMPION SCULLERS,

CHAMBERS, GREEN, HAMILL, AND WARD.

The forthcoming sculling race on the Thames, between the two first named oarsmen, in England, is, we are pleased to learn, progressing satisfactorily, and the second deposit was duly forthcoming on May 7. The affair is styled "The Championship of the World;" but why, we can hardly understand. Chambers is Champion of England, and Green holds the same honorable position as regards Australia; but America (and we don't know but that some other country, including the British Provinces,) may have some man willing and worthy to contend for the Championship of the World, when such an honor is legitimately at stake. At all events, England and Australia are not all the world, so far as boating is concerned. In its issue of May 13, the *Sporting Life* says:—"The American Champion, Hamill, is on *his merits* respecting this match between R. Green and Chambers, and has expressed his firm conviction that he can 'whip' both of them. Should Hamill particularly wish for a match, there can be no doubt that he will be accommodated by the conqueror in the present exciting event. The American, however, will have to row in England, as he cannot, in the present unhappy disturbed state of the North, expect to be met on his own water." "All right my covey" about the "state of the North;" but we know whereof we speak, when we say that its "disturbed condition" would not interfere with the match being brought off here quite as satisfactorily as in England. In their anxiety to get the match off there, however, we can forgive the writer of the above in magnifying the "unhappy disturbed state of the North," into a point in their favor. What Hamill's "particular wish" may be in regard to going to England, we know not; but presume he will prefer to know his fate at Ward's hands first, as negotiations are pending for a contest between them. The third deposit, of £50, for "The Championship of the World," was to be made on May 21, when it was expected that indications would be given as regards the respective positions of the men in the money market.

ON THE RAMPAGE.—For several weeks past, the press of this city has been on the rampage about sporting affairs. Dailies and weeklies alike entered the lists, and where legitimate means would not succeed in "getting the points," illegitimate plans were adopted—that is, bogus "sporting intelligence" was manufactured by bogus reporters at so much a cord, and published by bogus papers for the express purpose of deceiving their readers. The CLIPPER cautioned the public against such "mock turtle" concerns, and advised the people to beware of the impostors; and we are glad to know that our advice was heeded, the people letting the bogus sheets severely alone, and compelling them to fall back on the ghost story dodge again. A knowledge of sporting matters is not to be acquired in a day, nor is it to be expected that a man can report a prize fight because he once had the honor of shaking hands with the slashing champion of Timbuctoo. Yet some of our contemporaries actually dragged into their service, as a "sporting reserve," men who know no more of what they are expected to write about, than Barnum's babies know about the authors of their being. What has been the result? A terrible catastrophe—promises unfulfilled—disappointed readers—losses in more ways than one for the proprietors of the bogus concerns, and swearing enough to satisfy "our army in Flanders."

ONE EVIL SQUELCHED.—Our readers will do well to refer to the very pointed denunciation of our correspondent, "Private," in last week's issue, and then join us in being thankful that an effort is at last being made, with at least apparent sincerity, to cleanse one stall in the Augean stables of abuse and iniquity, in the Army of the Potomac. The office of Purveyor to the Army is abolished by order, it is said, of Gen. Hooker, "*in consequence of the great abuses which have been practiced.*" In place of this officer and his horde of leeches, sutlers, as usual heretofore, will be regularly appointed to each regiment. So much for one of the grossest, most selfish, and most heartless swindles ever perpetrated. Would that the vultures themselves could be made to disgorge, "restore four-fold," and then be brought to condign personal punishment. Will reforms reach any higher crimes, or displace any greater criminals?

THE GRAND NATIONAL BILLIARD TOURNAMENT is now in progress at Irving Hall, corner of Fifteenth street and Irving Place where all necessary preparations have been made for the comfort and convenience of spectators. Elevated seats for 1800 people have been erected, and we are pleased to learn that the affable Chris Connor is proprietor of the bar for the occasion, so that visitors may calculate upon getting liquors, cigars, etc., of the best quality. The price of admission is fixed at 50 cents.

THE INTERNATIONAL PRIZE FIGHT.

Nothing particularly startling or fresh has transpired in regard to this truly interesting pugilistic event, our foreign advices containing almost nothing in reference thereto. The sixth deposit of £50 a side was to have been made on May 21st, at Joe Rowe's hostelrie, Bishopsgate. Tom King, who was a spectator of the pedestrian events at Hackney Wick, on May 11, was reported in blooming health. If Heenan follows up his intention of coming home for a brief stay, in July, as stated, he will soon have to be packing up his trunks. A hearty welcome awaits him, and should Tom Sayers accompany him, they will be the "Hons of the town," and country too. Sayers and Heenan need not, and will not we opine, be afraid of the "disturbed state of the North."

THE RACING SEASON.—It is deeply gratifying to note the improvements exhibited in racing this season over that of last year. Already two meetings have been held, one at Jamesburg, and the other at Paterson, N. J., and on both occasions, we are happy to state, a satisfactory result has been attained—satisfactory alike to the public and to the projectors of those meetings. At Paterson, especially, the meeting was a most decided success, pecuniarily and otherwise. The meeting was under the management of an association of gentlemen of known respectability and integrity, in whom the public could place every confidence, and the result has proved that the confidence reposed in them has in no single instance been misplaced. Everything was conducted on honest principles, and turfmen and the public express their gratification at the manner in which the meeting was conducted. Last year our race meetings were controlled by gamblers, and a disastrous failure attended them. Thus far this year, the gamblers have been cast overboard, and gentlemen selected to manage the racing campaign; success has been the reward of the change so opportunely effected. Our readers may remember that we recommended this change last year. We saw the destruction the gambling managers were bringing upon the turf, and we opposed them from the moment we saw the object they had in view. We recommended that those detested dead beats be removed from the head of our turf affairs, and that *gentlemen* be selected to take their places. This has been done, and the result is before us. On the last day of the meeting at Paterson there were from eight to ten thousand spectators present, and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested by them. Having now got the ball started, it is to be hoped that the season may continue as successfully as it has opened, and that a revival in racing may take place all over the country.

DEERFOOT RETURNED FROM ENGLAND.—Deerfoot, the American Indian, returned home from England, the scene of his many triumphs and defeats in pedestrian matches for some months past, in the Great Eastern. He looks well and hearty, and fit to run for a man's life. He, in company with John Lawrence, called upon us on Friday last, and spoke well of his sojourn and treatment in England. Deerfoot seeks an opportunity to show of what stuff he is made, and challenges any man in this country to a race of 11 miles, for $500 a side.

GOING TO CELEBRATE.—By reference to another column, our readers, more particularly those interested in aquatic sports, will see that the usual gala day on the Charles River rowing course is to be held this year on the approaching natal day of our country. Nothing could be more appropriate, and nothing more liberal than the scheme of prizes, open free to all. There will be, without a doubt, if we may judge from previous Boston regattas, a fair course as well as a free one, and the best man will win on that day, and winning, will reap the rewards of victory.

CAN'T MOVE.—As the rebels seem to have become tired of waiting for "Fighting Joe Hooker" to renew his operations against them, it is hinted that Gen. Lee meditates a movement against Hooker, who, we presume, is unable to do anything just now, on account of the extremely *dry* state of the weather. Heavy wets kept him back last winter, and now—they don't. The soldiers continue to murmur for their old commander—Gen. McClellan.

NOT ALL AT THE PRIZE FIGHTS.—We thought there was a pretty hard set of roughs at the prize fights which recently came off in this vicinity, but there was just as hard a crowd on the Fashion Course, L. I., on the occasion of the trot between Butler and Patchen. If anything, the odds are on the side of the crowd last referred to.

WINNER OF THE DERBY.—By a telegraphic dispatch from Cape Race, we learn that the great Derby race, at Epsom, was won by Maccaroni, Lord Clifden being second. Maccaroni was also the victor in the 2000 guineas' race at Newmarket, and is the first horse since West Australian, in 1853, that has won these two important races. The stakes were worth more than $20,000.

NEW YORK RACES.—These races have been fixed to come off over the Centreville Course, L. I., in the early part of July next. They will continue three days, and will be under the management of that experienced turfman, Captain J. G. Moore, of Kentucky, the owner of Idlewild, and other famous race horses.

CROWDED OUT.—An over full cargo compels us to leave out some cricket, base ball, and other matter of more or less interest, which we will try to make room for in our next.

THE RING.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF JOHN C. HEENAN in citizens dress and fighting costume; also, of TOM KING; 25 cents each, and sent post paid by W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. 8-1t

SPORTSMAN'S HALL,
Cor. Wood and Third streets,
Pittsburgh,
BY JOHNNY MACKEY & JOHNNY LOUDON,
Sparring every Saturday Night. 5-12t*

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS OF JOE COBURN, 25 cents each. Sent to any address, on receipt of price, by W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. 7

INDIAN CLUBS AND THEIR USES.—We are glad to learn that the Indian Club is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise, conducing, as it does, to a general development and strengthening of the physical system. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in the receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs which Coburn exercised with while training for his late fight with McCoole, and which were so highly spoken of by the Champion. Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, Revere House, New York, or Post Office, N. Y., will receive immediate attention. 8

DUNN REPLIES TO MEADE.—EDITOR CLIPPER.—*Sir*:—In your last week's edition I noticed a challenge from John Meade to fight me. At the request of my friends, I did not intend to fight for some time to come, but seeing this man is anxious for a fight, I will accommodate him at his own terms, and meet him at the CLIPPER office on Thursday, June 4th, between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock, to make the match, and will put up two hundred dollars for the first deposit. Yours, &c.,

JAMES DUNN.

Brooklyn, May 30, 1863.

JAMES COBURN AND JOHN LYNCH MATCHED.—A communication from Hartford, Ct., dated May 26th, places us in possession of the information that these two boxers are matched to fight on November 18, 1863, for $500 a side, at catch weight, we presume, as no stipulations to that effect are made in the articles of agreement, which were signed at Joseph Rose's rooms, in Elm street, Hartford, on the 18th ult. A number of friends of both parties were present, and a social time was enjoyed, the prevailing sentiment being that the best man might win. From the articles of agreement, a copy of which was sent us, we cull the following details:—The fight is to take place on November 18, for $500 a side, $100 a side being already deposited. The second deposit is to be made on June 18; the third, on July 18; and the fourth and last, on November 11, when the backers of the men will agree on the place of fighting. The men are to be in the ring at 2 P. M., or forfeit, and in the event of magisterial interference, the umpires or referee are to name a different local ty for meeting, on the same day, if possible. One capital proviso is made, viz., that if the parties fail to agree on a referee, after the lapse of one hour, the stake-holder shall select a proper party. This will tend to prevent one usually great difficulty in arranging the preliminaries of a battle. Besides the signatures of the men, are those of Matthew M. Coughlin, Joseph Rose, and Johnny Willis, as witnesses. The above are all the essential points of the document, it being in all other respects a copy of the usual form of drawing up articles, which are quite familiar to CLIPPER readers, and therefore need no repetition. All particulars, as the affair progresses, will, as a matter of course, be found in the CLIPPER.

CON OREM TO OWEN GEOGHEGAN.—Con called at the CLIPPER office on the 25th ult., and stated his willingness to accept Geoghegan's challenge as it appeared in our last issue. Orem earnestly desires that Geoghegan upon seeing this, will immediately repair to Harry Hill's, in Houston street, with his money ready to bind the bargain, as he, Orem, is anxious to have satisfaction if he can only have a show of fair play. Now, Owney, face the music like a man, and give the stranger the show he solicits.

AN EXPLANATION.—The following Card explains measurably the conduct of the "conspicuous individual" in the betting circles just previous to the Dunn and Elliott fight, as described by our reporter. The party in question "defines his position, substantially as follows:—"When accused of 'backing down' I wish to state, both to you and the public, that it was not my intention to back down from what I proposed, but seeing myself surrounded by so many, at best, doubtful characters, I thought it best to get out the easiest way possible. I had reason to believe that I had discovered the money of the opposite party to be, much of it, bogus, while mine, which I proposed risking on Dunn, was genuine—this was, I think you will allow, sufficient cause for backing out. If ever the men enter the ring again, I will bet the same odds, but only with men of honor." H. E. K.

MAY RETURN IT, AND NO QUESTIONS.—The man that took my watch, on the occasion referred to in my "Card of Explanation," and described by the CLIPPER's reporter of the Dunn and Elliott fight, may find it his best and easiest way to return it. If he leaves it at the CLIPPER office, he will receive a just reward and no questions asked. H. E. K.

BILLY DONNELLY TALKS BACK TO THE SOLDIER BOY.—Billy called upon us on May 26, and said he would accede to the terms proposed by "Soldier Boy," of the 139th N. Y. Vols., and would fight in Virginia, and as an additional inducement to get "on," he would post $600 to $500 on the part of the Boy; but would not fight for less than that amount so far away from home. As the Boy in his challenge fixed the amount at $200, or *upwards*, it is to be presumed that the financial part will prove no obstacle to a match. A preliminary deposit, and articles sent to the CLIPPER office Donnelly pronounces himself ready to cover and sign. Billy, in addition to the above offer of odds, says he will not demand anything for expenses for going to Virginia.

GOES HIM $100 BETTER.—In reference to the alleged intimidation of the referee in the late fight between Con Orem and Geoghegan, and its denial by said official; and also in reference to some other still mooted points respecting the same contest, Con Orem proposes for the acceptance of Charly Moore, the referee alluded to, the following series of bets:—$100 that a revolver was drawn on him (Moore); $100 that Geoghegan fell without a blow; $100 that Moore stated in Orem's presence, and before witnesses, that the last blow was not foul; and $100 that he (Orem) did not lose the fight according to the well-established and well-known rules of Fistiana. Do you make the book, Charley?

COBURN ON HIS TRAVELS.—Joe Coburn gave two exhibitions of sparring at Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, on the 27th and 28th inst. On the 1st of June he is to show in Reading, Pa.; 2d, in Harrisburg; 3d, in Lancaster; on the 4th and 5th at Lee's Melodeon, Baltimore, and on the 6th, at Wilmington, Delaware. His exhibitions thus far have been well attended, and the displays of the art of self-defence loudly applauded.

THE CHAMPION'S CHALLENGE.—Up to the present time, there has been no response to Joe Coburn's challenge, so that all reports of parties being anxious to meet the champion, are proved to be without foundation in fact.

JIM COBURN MATCHED.—Jim Coburn, the brother of the Champion, and Jack Looney's old antagonist, is matched to fight Jack Lynch, of Springfield, for $500 a side, to fight at catch weight on the 18th Nov. It is very probable that Jim will make another match with Jim Dillon, of Hartford, for $300 a side, to come off in July or August next.

THE CHAMPION AT HOME.—Joe Coburn returned to the city on Friday last, after a very successful exhibition tour

CHALLENGE TO FIGHT ANY MAN IN AMERICA.—John C. Orem, having had no response to the *defi* proffered to Owen Geoghegan, now boldly comes forward and offers to fight any man in America (bar none) for $1,000 a side; he (Orem) reserving the privilege of naming the time and place for the encounter

THE CHAMPION ON HIS TOUR.—The Champion of the American P. R., Joe Coburn, gives sparring exhibitions at Reading, Pa., on June 1st; Harrisburg, 2d; Lancaster, 3d; Baltimore, Md., 4th and 5th; Wilmington, Del., 6th; and, on the 9th, starts for the Lake Shore region.

CON OREM, THE COLORADO CHAMPION'S SPARRING EXHIBITION.

The sparring exhibition for the benefit of Con Orem, and got up by a number of gentlemen who were witnesses of his gallant, manly and straightforward conduct in his recent fight with Owen Geoghegan, and who sympathize with him on account of the unfair treatment he received on that occasion, came off on Wednesday evening, the 27th ult., at the City Assembly Rooms, in Broadway. The attendance was both numerous and respectable, and somewhere in the neighborhood of $500 was netted by the beneficiare, who received a perfect ovation from the assemblage, when he appeared on the stage for the wind up. The gentlemen who composed the Committee of Arrangements, and under whose auspices the exhibition was got up, were Messrs. C. Ottignon, P. J. Hanbury, John McDonald, Izzy Lazarus, Harry Hill, and J. B. Stone, and their efforts to make the benefit successful, met with a just reward.

The first set-to was between Johnny Walker and Johnny McCaffry, and was well relished by the spectators, hard hitting on both sides being the order of the day. They were followed by Young Hanley and Mike Dorsay, and these two clever bantams gave unbounded satisfaction. Dorsay is a fine two-handed fighter, and exhibits a marked improvement in his style of sparring every time he sets-to with the gloves. Hanley is also very smart with the mits, and makes a good match for Dorsay.

The third couple were Tommy Meaken, of Brooklyn, and Mike Clancy, but as neither of them possessed any high degree of science, we will not waste time by speaking further about them, but proceed to the gem of the evening's sets-to. This was between Barney Aaron and Johnny Aaron (not brothers, as one of the dailies has it, nor indeed any relation to each other), and a finer display of science has seldom been witnessed; their quick hitting, clean stopping, and rapid getting away was a rich treat to the admirers of the manly art.

Mike Trainor and John Macarthy followed, and made an excellent set-to; the latter is much the heavier man, and has the longer reach, but the science and activity of Trainor amply compensated these advantages. Mike Dorsay and Jim Kerrigan (Dan's brother) followed, and were in turn succeeded by Hugh McLane (who has challenged Geoghegan to fight for $1,000 a side) and Milage Cornell, the Dorsay of the sparring stage, who made a capital bout with each other. Harry Robinson and Young Brown, Alf Walker and friend, and Mullaney and Reddy (one of Orem's seconds in his late fight) followed in rotation, and gave entire satisfaction to the company. The wind up was between Con Orem and Dan Kerrigan, and their appearance was the signal for immense cheering, evidencing the great popularity of the Colorado champion, who, a stranger among us, had been so shamefully treated on his first appearance in the ring here. They made a first-rate set-to, and were warmly applauded. At the close of the proceedings, Sam Davis, on behalf of Orem, stated that the latter was dissatisfied with the result of the fight with Geoghegan, and publicly challenged him to a renewal of the combat, for $1,000 a side. The money was in the hands of Harry Hill, No. 26 East Houston street, and would remain there until the following day. If Geoghegan refused to accept of a challenge thus publicly made, why, Orem would consider him in the light of a coward. The crowd then dispersed, apparently well satisfied with the entertainment.

MOHAWK OF BROOKLYN VS. JUNIATA OF HOBOKEN.—These clubs played a match at Hoboken on the 23d ult., the result of which was a victory for the Mohawks, they thus winning the two games of their home and home series. The game was well contested, and good play was shown on both sides. At the close of the game the Juniatas hospitably entertained their visitors, and the day's proceedings were much enjoyed by all. The score:—

BATTING.

MOHAWK.	H.L.	RUNS.	JUNIATA.	H.L.	RUNS.
Flanders, p	2	4	Van Antwerp, 2 b	3	3
Kyte, c. f	5	1	Burrell, r. f	3	4
Mills, 3. b	3	3	Worth, c	2	4
Patt, r. f	1	4	Crocheron, l. f	3	2
Durbrow, 2 b	1	5	McCrea, 3 b	4	1
Norton, 1 b	5	1	Heath, 1 b	2	3
Atkins, 1 f	5	1	Henry, p	3	1
DeMott, s. s	1	3	Hart, c. f	5	1
Thompson, c	4	2	Lowe, s. s	2	0
Total		24	Total		19

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Mohawk	4	7	2	2	3	4	0	0	2	—24
Juniata	9	5	0	0	1	1	0	2	1	—19

Umpire, J. Galpin, of Star Club.
Scorers, Messrs. Keith and Eddy.

BOSTON FOURTH OF JULY REGATTA.—This great aquatic festival has been so long and so successfully established, that it has come to be looked upon as a sporting fixture for that day, not merely in the "City of Notions" itself, but by all the country round about. Efforts are being actively put forth that the celebration, the present year, shall in no way fall behind any previous one in number of events, spirit of rivalry, or general interest. The *fete* will be on Charles River, over the usual course, commencing at 1 o'clock, P. M. There are to be five races, for aggregate prizes of $775 as follows:—

FIRST RACE.—Distance, two miles, for boys not over 18 years old. First prize, $25; second, $10. 2d—distance two miles, for single scull wherries. First prize, $100; second, $50. 3d—distance two miles, for double scull wherries. First prize, $100; second, $50. 4th—distance three miles, for four-oared boats. First prize, $130; second, $50. And 5th—distance three miles, for six-oared boats. First prize, $175; second, $75.

The rules, regulations, etc., are in type, and will be given next week.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Wm. A. Rouse, Julia Daly, J. T. Boyce, Julia Mortimer, Sam Sharpley, R. E. J. Miles, Maggie Mitchell, J. F. Birch. Minnie Lannier, Louie Bennett, Wm. Armstrong, Charley Reynolds, Mr. Meyer, G. A. Hough, C. L. Treat, Clara Harrington, John Hurbert, Susan Whipple Myers, Elizabeth Lannier, Mrs. Gladstane, Jane Coombs, Wm. Davidge, W. H. Donaldson, Frank Mordaunt, Adah Isaacs Menken, L. M. W. Steere, Wm. Peak, Nelson Kneass, G. Bishop, Chas. J. Fyffe, Tony Pastor, C. W. Couldock, J. A. Underwood, E. B. Cunnion, Ed. Wilson, Chas. David, Alderman Jackson, W. H. Bowditch, Thomas J. Cassens, C. J. Williamson, Chas. A. Morris, Geo. Stoddart, Geo. Christy, S. B. Everett, Edwin Holmes, and Mrs. Huntington.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, June 1, 1863.

When this cruel draft is over, things may turn out a little easier; but at the present writing, the "public mind" is a good deal agitated with "conflicting emotions," superinduced by compulsory visions of "grim-visaged war," in all its horrors. Enrolling officers are again about, "taking names," ages, etcetera. Actors forget their parts in thinking of the draft; to make them forget *that*, they take a draught of another and more palatable description; the public are on the "anxious bench;" hot weather is at hand, and the idea of shouldering a musket, toting along a heavy knapsack, etc., with the thermometer at 90, has induced many of our people to hurry off to the country, and this, with the fast approaching close of the season, is thinning out the attendance of our theatres, halls and saloons. .....The most noteworthy event of the week just closed, was the performance of an English version of Gluck's opera of "Orpheus," produced at the Winter Garden by Vestvali. The fear we expressed in our last that the prices of admission were too high for the masses, seems to have been well-founded, for business throughout the week proved very bad, scarcely half a house being present on any one evening. A full account of the opera is given in another article. Vestvali, with her superb limbs and exquisite vocalisation, was unequal to the task of attracting a large audience even on the opening night, and since then the *habitues* have been more shy than ever. High prices won't go down in New York, that's certain, and the sooner public performers comprehend this fact, the better will it be for themselves.

Miss Bateman brought her performances to a close in this city on the 30th ult., appearing as Julia, in the "Hunchback." Her engagement has proved one of the most successful ever played in this city. We believe it is the lady's intention to leave for Europe this week, but it is not her intention to perform during her absence.

Among the latest additions to the list of exhibitions in New York, is "Duflock's Holy Land." This city is a high old place in which to show a picture of that sort. A panorama of the "Infernal Regions" might do much better. We shall be happy to learn, however, that multitudes do flock to see the Holy Land.

We are to have something new this evening, in the shape of John Brougham's "Duke's Motto," which is to be produced by Mr. Collins, at Niblo's Garden, Messrs. Wheatley & Collins assuming the leading *roles*. This drama has commanded a great deal of attention in London, where it is still being performed at Mr. Fechter's Lyceum Theatre, having reached its 110th representation at last accounts, the principal characters being sustained by Messrs. Fechter and Brougham. The drama will be produced at Niblo's with new scenery, appointments, etc., and it is confidently expected that it will meet with great success, having the advantage of being presented at one of the coolest places of amusement in New York.

Tom Thumb and his little troupe have been doing a splendid business at Barnum's Museum, the afternoon entertainments especially being largely attended. Commodore Nutt is the most cunning little cuss in the whole crowd. Neither Thumb nor his wife can sing much, Tom's voice being rather displeasing, and resembling the voice of a boy of that peculiar time when it begins to grow coarse and manish. If you were to hear the others, without seeing them, you would at once arrive at the conclusion that they were little children of half a dozen years.

Five weeks make up a good round number of nights for a star engagement, and there are but few who can over-run such a term without loss. Mr. Eddy has just concluded an engagement of thirty nights at the New Bowery, and during that time he has performed to good business, the house on many evenings being quite full. Novelty, however, is the motto of this house, and this evening manager Lingard brings out the newly imported drama of the "Duke's Signal" Being of the sensational character, it should draw well for a time.

Mrs. Jane English certainly deserves success, whether she meets with it or not, for she seems to be a hard-working, enterprising sort of woman; but thus far, we are sorry to say, her experience in New York has been very expensive, without any adequate recompense. The theatre (Laura Keene's) was pretty well run down before Mrs. English took hold of it, and once a place is tabooed, it is somewhat difficult to bring it into favor again.

A very clever burlesque on our foreign operatic friends is given by Dan Bryant and Rollin Howard, in the act entitled "The Irishman in Italy." The intense feeling with which Dan enacts the difficult *role* of Count McGinnis, is worthy of the highest praise. He scales the upper C without impediment, and descends through the intricate passages leading to the "A below the line" in a style worthy of the great Salvi. Rollin Howard, too, is worthy of particular mention, in his masterly delineation of the frantic female of the festive forest. Words are not sufficient to describe those "sounds so joyful" which gush forth from the unulcerated throat of this great personator of female women. If you would hear the black opera in all its beauties, let us advise a visit to Bryants' Minstrels.

A selection of readings and recitations is to be given at Dodworth's Hall, on the 8th inst., by Miss Augusta L. Dargon and Mr. J. B. Brown, (not the gentleman who keeps the coal yard) it being the lady's first appearance. Mrs. E. F. Ellet will assist, and so will Mrs. J. K. Jackson, who will sing a few ballads.

Hernandez had a benefit at the New Idea on the 28th ult., which was well attended. It was his intention to have departed for Havana on the 30th, but a liberal offer on the part of the management of the New Idea has induced him to remain in New York, so he commences another engagement at the same house on the 1st inst., which inaugurates the summer season.

We looked in at "444" Broadway on the 29th, and found the house crowded in every part. Mr. Collins, the "Cure," did not show forth, an apology being made for him on the plea of indisposition.

Mr. J. H. Allen did not attract large audiences at the Old Bowery. We were there on the 28th, to see Mr. A. in the "Blacksmith of Antwerp." Although laboring under a severe hoarseness, and being badly supported, Mr. Allen did very well.

Wood's minstrel hall is one of the best ventilated places of amusement in the country, so that those who do not care to be broiled in a theatre during the hot months, can comfortably and pleasantly pass an evening at Wood's splendid little summer resort. Another good programme is provided for the present week, introducing the company in the various acts of singing, burlesque, dancing, etc.

Mr. Wm. Long, of Long's Varieties, Philadelphia, was in the city last week.

Mr. A. D. Wilson will please observe Miss Wade's reply to his card of last week, in our advertising columns of this issue.

Adah Isaacs Menken has at last concluded to abandon this part of the show world, and take her long proposed trip to California and England. She is at present actively engaged in making all due preparations for an extended tour, and will shortly leave for the gold regions.

The arrival of "Verrecke," a gymnast of European renown, is daily looked for in this city. Mr. Verrecke has never been in this country, he informs us in a note; is unacquainted here, and comes without an engagement, solely depending on his merits as a gymnast for success. While performing at the Alhambra, London, he received offers to visit America, but could not accept at that time, as his engagement had not then expired. He now comes to try his fortunes in the new world, and we hereby introduce the stranger to the universal Yankee nation. Verrecke is a native of Belgium, and was born at Gand, in 1834—the son of an officer who served under Napoleon Bonaparte. His earliest triumphs were achieved in the country of his birth, and there he, in 1852, invented the peculiar exercise which he has rendered famous throughout Europe. It consists of a performance on the single trapeze, and is, perhaps, the most remarkable ever attempted by a human being. From the bar of the trapeze he suspends himself *by the nape of his neck*; and in this perilous position plays a drum-accompaniment to an air played by the band, at a height of from sixty to eighty feet from the ground! This he continues until the cries and applause of the audience assure him that they are satisfied. Every gymnast who has imitated this performance has been careful enough to place a hook at the back of the neck, to secure his safety; but Verrecke has such strength in his neck, that this precaution he declares to be quite unnecessary on his part. M. Verrecke has had the honor to receive the applause of their Majesties the Emperor Napoleon III., the Emperor of Russia, the Kings of Prussia, Belgium, Holland, and the Queen of Spain, who was graciously pleased to make him a handsome recompense, after witnessing this most daring exercise, performed under astounding circumstances. Verrecke actually went up suspended under a balloon, where he remained, holding on simply by the neck, and beating his drum, till lost to view. This intrepid gymnast has been the admiration of the Parisian public for four years past, at the Cirque Napoleon, where he first made his perilous leap of the rope, for which he was largely rewarded by the Director. When Leotard arrived in Paris with his new performance of the triple trapeze, Verrecke, after having seen it once or twice, exhibited the same exercise, which to him presented no difficulty. M. Verrecke left Paris to give Leotard's performance in all the principal towns in France and Africa, from whence he returned covered with laurels. After his sojourn in Spain, he returned to the Cirque Napoleon, Paris, for an engagement of one year. But Mr. Wilde, Director of the Alhambra, London, having heard of his exploits, sent for him; and as his engagement wanted some time of its termination, he paid a very considerable sum to have the privilege of adding this marvel to the attractions of his establishment. The success of the great gymnast has more than justified the expectations originally formed of him. He is, in his peculiar exercises, said to be unapproachable; attempting feats from which the most daring, skilful, and carefully-trained athletes have shrunk. We give this notice, unbought, in order to lend a helping hand to a stranger.

The experiment of English Opera was again essayed on Monday night, May 25th, at the Winter Garden, under the auspices of M'lle. Felicita Vestvali, who has collected a troupe of first class artists to assist her in the enterprise. The opera selected was Gluck's famous "Orpheus, or the Trial of Love," or rather, an English adaptation of it. This opera was written nearly a century ago, but it is nevertheless a model composition, and is especially noted for its beautiful melodies. Indeed, we have no doubt it has been the fountain from which many a modern operatic composer has quaffed many a draught of melody. At its revival, in Paris, a few years since, it achieved an unparalleled success. This is the first time it has been presented here. On account of the rather high scale of prices that had been introduced, we did not expect to see the house very crowded, and it was not; but still there was a very good attendance, both in point of character and numbers. The parquet and orchestra stalls were well filled, and there was a fair attendance in the second circle, and about twenty or thirty in the upper tier. Had the usual charge of 25 cents been adopted for the latter locality, it would no doubt have been filled. In the back part of the parquet, two calcium lights were introduced to allow the fashionables to see each other in that part of the theatre, that being an important part of opera going, whether to Italian or English representations. A quarter of an hour after the time appointed, the curtain rose upon the first scene, displaying Orpheus—Miss Vestvali—mourning at the tomb of his loved spouse, Euridice. He is attended by goddesses in hoops and pink tights, and by some of the second class gods in night-gowns. Hymen—Miss Kemble—stands by the tomb, and condoles with the mourners. After the aforementioned goddesses have placed flowers on her tomb, Orpheus bids them all retire, and he then invokes the assistance of the gods to enable him to visit the realms of Pluto, and regain his bride. Cupid—Miss Geary—then appears, and makes a covenant with him, whereby he is permitted to enter upon a severe trial of his love, and visit Hades. This closes the first act, the singing of both being very fine in this introductory act. The second act is a very brief one, and the scene is supposed to represent the infernal regions, with a view of a number of furies and demons. The effect, however, is entirely spoiled by the inferior scenery and stage appointments, and the disguise assumed by the attendant goddesses of the previous scene, is too flimsy not to be apparent to a child. Pluto is here seen in his realm, and presently Orpheus appears, and after subduing the fury of the demons by his music, he finally gets Pluto to consent to his visiting the Elysian Fields in search of Euridice, who is among the good spirits that congregate in that mythological paradise. The departure of Orpheus closes this act. The third introduces what the bills represent as the Elysian Fields, as described in the heathen mythology, from which we should judge that the word fields was a misnomer, inasmuch as the Winter Garden view gave us little else but water and coral rocks, of the Seven Sister style of make up. In this act, the goddesses of the first act—not all, however—throw off their hoops, and appear in Roman costume; but the few we refer to still adhere to the pink tights and hoops. As the good spirits—only third proof by the way—pass in procession before Orpheus, he seeks to recognize Euridice, and is beginning to despair, when the last one appears, and is soon clasped to his arms. Previously, however, the Spirit of Good—Miss Drome—comes on the stage, and sings a solo; and on Monday night she broke down in an attempt to reach a high note. As she went off, her friends threw her boquets, but they were picked up by the supernumeraries, and they really walked off the stage with them. The departure of Orpheus with his bride closes this act with an "impressive tableaux." The bill describes the scene of the 4th act as "A Thick Forest," but we didn't see it. In fact, the scenery throughout was of the most mediocre kind, and the stage appointments no better. It was as bad as the opera scenery at the Brooklyn Academy. The singing and acting of Miss Vestvali and Madame Rotter—Euridice—in this last act, was worthy of the highest praise. The whole scene is one of the most difficult and trying of any opera on the stage, and from first to last it was splendidly and artistically rendered by both. Orpheus engaged that he would not look on the face of Euridice until he had brought her to earth, the penalty being that she was to go back to the land of spirits again if he did. Euridice, not knowing the agreement, is distressed at his apparent neglect, and, by her pleadings, finally, after putting him to a severe trial, induces him to look upon her, which he does, and she immediately dies. The exquisite melody which Orpheus sings over his lost one, is the gem of the opera, and it was beautifully sung by Miss Vestvali. Indeed, her splendid personal appearance, her admirable acting, and her truly artistic vocalization, are the features of this production of the opera. She was ably assisted by Madame Rotter—an excellent actress and splendid singer—and by Miss Geary, whose vocal performances were perfectly satisfactory, but her amateurish action in the movement of her arms in the first act, was a drawback. In all other respects, save, perhaps, the choruses, which were pretty good, and orchestral performances, which were first-class, the manner of the production of the opera was everything but creditable to those who superintended the arrangements connected with it. Among the audience we observed a numerous delegation of the operatic and theatrical profession. Madame Johannsen was the observed of observers by her German friends. There was also present a full representation of the genus critics. We like one arrangement, and that is, that reserved seats are not charged extra for. But few present, we presume, were benefitted in their interpretations of the play, by the fact that it was English, and not Italian opera, that was being presented. What with the Italian English of Miss Vestvali, the German English of Madame Rotter, although both did well in this respect, considering the difficulties they have to encounter, and the want of clear enunciation by those who sang in English, it was only here and there that one could understand what they were saying. This opera is one that requires the best of scenic effects and stage appointments to do it justice, and first-class artists with full choruses, to give its beauties in full force; and under such circumstances it would indeed be an operatic treat worth listening to. But in a small theatre, with poor scenery, and poorer stage appointments, and with but half-a-dozen supernumeraries when there should be twenty or thirty, and with but two or three good artists to fill the numerous *roles* of the opera, it cannot achieve the success it is entitled to; if it does, it will be from the intrinsic merits of the opera itself, and the capital singing of the two prominent vocalists.

Mr. D. G. Waldron, agent for the Alleghanians, is in town this week, taking a rest prior to his departure for Europe, where he goes shortly to make the necessary preparations for the appearance of his troupe.

The brothers Denier, Tony and John, the well known pantomimists, gymnasts, and tight rope artists, are now prepared to negotiate for long or short engagements, as will be seen by our advertising columns this week. Managers wishing the services of these talented performers, would do well to address them at once.

Tony Pastor's comic songster, has been published and is for sale by James Conner, theatrical agent. See advertisement.

Miss Catherine Selden, the clever young actress, very properly, we think, contradicts the idle and false rumor that has been set afloat in regard to her having a rich father. We regret, for her sake, that it is not true, but when it is known that he sleeps his last sleep, it must necessarily deeply affect the feelings of the fair young aspirant for dramatic honors, to see and hear her name coupled with such, under the circumstances, an offensive and abrupt statement. By the lady's card elsewhere, it will be seen that she fully understands her position, and entertains high and noble resolves for the future, and has no idea of purchasing a name, relying solely upon her merits already attained and to be acquired. We commend her for this, and sincerely hope that those who speak and write of her hereafter, will be gentlemanly enough to refrain from offensive allusions, and confine themselves to honest criticism, which the lady avows she seeks rather than avoids.

The Old Bowery produces this week the romantic drama of "The Duke's Device, or the Hunchback of Paris."

Mr. Thomas Baker well-known to the *habitues* of Laura Keene's Theatre, has been secured by Mrs. John Wood at the above named theatre, commencing in October.



M'LLE ZOE.

This very pleasing *danseuse* is at present filling a highly successful engagement at Laura Keene's Theatre, with Jane English's company. Although she has been on the stage but one year, she has already become a great favorite with the public. She has fulfilled very successful engagements with many of our leading concert halls throughout the country, and her services are much sought after. She makes a fine appearance on the stage, dances with considerable grace, and bids fair to become one of the best *danseuses* in the country. She is a pupil of the well-known ballet-master, Mr. Ben Yates, to whom she is indebted for the perfection which she has acquired in the terpsichorean art.

DRAMATIC.

Theatricals at Denver City were, at last accounts, in a flourishing condition. Mr. Tyrrell and Mrs. Irwin are the stars of the establishment. A Mrs. Bell does the "Essence of Old Virginia" in a style worthy of a better cause. She is said to be some in the burnt cork business.

Miss Lizzie Gale is said to have made quite an impression as Rachel Ryland, recently, at Bangor, Me.

Kate Reignolds' combination company, in its tour through New England, met with only average success, the style of the piece being almost too neat and elegant for country towns, and the circuit almost exhausted by earlier stars. There was no defaulting, however, no closing up, and Miss Reignolds and her company stand on no "black list" in the books of any town clerk, printer, or hotel.

At the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, Mr. F. G. White, 2d low comedian, was tendered a benefit on Saturday, May 23d. The plays were "Serious Family" and "Toodles," Mr. White sustaining the part of Aminadab Sleek in the former, supported by Miss Macarthy as Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine, and Mr. J. H. Hill as Chas Torrens. Mr. White also appeared as the "immortal Toodles" in the play of that name. His "drunk" is said to have been loudly cheered, particularly by the rising generation of critics. Mr. White was greeted with a full house, and the audience seemed well satisfied with his efforts to please, showing their appreciation by calling him before the curtain.

Preparations are being made for the fall and winter season at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, and ladies and gentlemen of ability are requested to send in their applications, through an advertisement in our columns.

Kate Reignolds took a benefit at Liberty Hall, New Bedford, Mass., on the 29th ult., and she was honored with a very crowded house. We notice in the company the names of Messrs. Beck, Marlowe, and Stuart Robson. Mr. E. Peron Hingston is the business agent for the troupe.

The Varieties, St. Louis, under the management of Geo. Deagle, is nightly becoming more dramatic and less musical. The stable attraction of late has been "El Hyder," with W. B. Derr and his trained horse as the stars. Miss Maria Barton was also starring there in light pieces, such as "Asmodeus," "Is He Jealous?" etc. D. Ralton, from Laura Keene's, was also underlined; and McDonald, with his "Seven Sisters," two boxes of looking-glasses, and a dozen or two revolving pillars, are shortly expected. If Deagle gets into the dramatic line exclusively, we think he'll go under.

Harry Linden's Toronto Theatrical Troupe have been traveling through the Canadas, visiting the small towns. They first opened at Guelph, and played to an $18 house, where they expected $150; the second night Mr. L. was sick, consequently there was no performance; third night, a poor house greeted them. Receipts, $38; expenses, $54; lots of profit! ! ! Galt was next "billed," but with the same effect. First night, $8 in the house; second night, nobody came near the hall. At last accounts, the company was at Paris.

Mr. C. E. Bidwell, well known throughout the New England States as manager, has joined the company at Myers' Portland Theatre, Me.

Marston & Sutton's dramatic company are at present "way down Maine." The company now consists of the following ladies and gentlemen:—Misses Lizzie Gale and Annie Bacon; Messrs. J. P. Sutton, Harry Lampee, E. W. Marston, C. F. Jones, and Mr. Shaw.

Mr. Alf Burnett, the well known humorist, has returned to the army, and is at present located among the camps of the Army of the Cumberland.

At McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Mr. J. Wilkes Booth was the reigning star last week. On the 29th he was up for a "ben.," when he was to essay the part of Hamlet. Business has been very good indeed. Mr. Booth remains this week.

Miss Jennie Hight, from McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, was at the Indianapolis Theatre last week, playing to good business.

The Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., is up for rent for the summer months on reasonable terms. See advertisement.

Manager Meech, of the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., is now prepared to attend to applications for stock engagements for the next season, commencing on or about Sept. 1st. The profession will do well to make a note of his advertisement in these columns.

The "Union" Theatre at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, under the management of Mr. Addis, has been jogging along very successfully, recently. The manager has been producing "stars" in rapid succession. Mr. C. W. Couldock was playing there at last advices.

The Buffalo Theatre is playing Julia Daly this week. She opened to a very good house, and business has continued excellent. Miss Mollie Williams, who is now a permanent member of the company, has by her lively acting proved herself a very valuable acquisition. During Mollie's performance of Violante, one night last week, a gay Buffalonian who was present, perpetrated the following:—Why is a lovely young lady like a key hole? Because she is something to adore. The police are said to be in hot pursuit after the unholy individual.

Mr. W. H. Briggs, who has been laboring for the entire winter under a severe indisposition, made his first appearance this season on the 27th, at the Buffalo Theatre.

Mr. John Albaugh, a promising young actor, and one who bids fair to become one of the best leading men in the country, is at present engaged at Wood's Theatre, Louisville, where he is a great favorite. His benefit is announced for some night next week.

Miss Mary Provost, having concluded her successful engagement at the Boston Museum, passed through New York last week *en route* to Cincinnati, where she appears, June 8, at Wood's Theatre. From Cincinnati she goes to McVicker's, Chicago, appearing June 22, for two weeks, after which she withdraws for the summer season, until August 31, opening for the fall and winter campaign, with Ben De Bar at St. Louis. It was anticipated that Sam Colville, Esq., Mary Provost's business manager, would be compelled to visit Ireland during the summer for the adjustment of family affairs, but late advices render it non-essential; consequently, the fair artiste will not be deprived of his valuable services.

Our St. Louis correspondent "E," writing from St. Louis on the 27th ult., gives us all the latest news in the theatrical world of that city. He says:—The St. Louis Theatre is doing a splendid business with the star combination—Messrs. Wallack, Davenport, and Mrs. Farren. They are tolerably well supported by the dramatic company. E. L. Davenport took a benefit on the 22d, and appeared as Hamlet, which is one of his best efforts. Mr. Wallack took the character of the Ghost. We thought his rendering of this character was excellent. Mrs. Farren did not look the character of Ophelia, but otherwise it was well rendered. Miss Wyette enacted the Queen very creditably. The audience was very large and fashionable. Gen. Curtis and staff, and Gen. W. K. Strong and staff graced the dress circle with their presence. Mr. Wallack took a benefit on the 26th. The bill presented on that occasion was "Damon and Pythias" and the comedy of "My Aunt." Mr. W., as Pythias and as Dick Dashall, won the admiration of all. To-night, Mrs. Farren takes a benefit, and appears as Dinorah, in "St. Marc," and Sally Scraggs, in "The Stage-struck Tailor," and Mr. Ben De Bar as Tom Tape.

Those talented artistes, the Webb Sisters, who have just returned from Cuba, have leased "Winter Garden" for a short season, and engaged an excellent company to support them. "Fanchon the Cricket" will be the first piece produced. In this character, Miss Ada is said to be capital. In protean farces, it is claimed that she has no superior on the American stage. She is a beautiful singer, and dances with much grace. Miss Emma is also a very good actress, promising much for the future.

The Webb Sisters have taken the Brooklyn Academy for one night, Monday, June 1st, and will give "Fanchon the Cricket," and the Protean farce of "In and Out of Place." Miss Ada will appear as Fanchon, and personate three or four characters in the farce. Miss Emma will play the Witch in "Fanchon." Mr. A. H. Davenport, T. Hind, the Misses Monell, Mrs. Le Brun and others, have been engaged for this occasion. Ben Baker, of Laura Keene's, is stage manager. If successful, they will have a second night during the week.

We hear that Mr. Griffiths, at present attached to the company of the St. Louis Theatre, is to be leading old man at the Arch, Philadelphia, next season. He is said to be quite a favorite in St. Louis.

The New Chestnut, Philadelphia, has the entire field of that city to itself in the way of dramatic performances, the Arch now being gutted, and the Walnut occupied by a minstrel company. Mrs. John Wood's engagement at the New Chestnut has been quite successful, and we hope will so continue. "The Fair One With the Golden Locks" has been withdrawn, giving place to Brougham's great burlesque of "Pocahontas," with the following cast:—Captain John Smith, Mr. Charles Wheatleigh; King Powhatan, Mr. W. Davidge; Mynheer Rolf, Mr. W. A. Chapman; Lieut. Brown, Mr. L. Carland; Pocahontas, Mrs. John Wood; Opodeldoo, Mrs. C. Henri; etc., etc.....A little "difficulty" is said to have taken place at this house last week. Mr. D Setchell was giving some rather ridiculous burlesque imitations of Mr. Forrest, the tragedian, when some admirers of the latter manifested their displeasure, by hissing Setchell; *his* cause was taken up by others, and a nice little time was the result. We do not believe Mr. Forrest cares for such things; if he had any feeling in the matter, Mr. Setchell's head would have been chopped off before this; but we see he is still on the boards of the New Chestnut, performing in after-pieces with Mrs. C. Henri.

Tom Connor, leading man at the St. Louis Theatre, intends, it is said, shortly to take his flight into the starry firmament. "One more unfortunate."

The Walnut Street Theatre closed its dramatic season on the 30th ult. All things considered, the business has been remunerative. We do not find the report corroborated that the building is to be modernised. There may be some cleaning and painting done, but beyond this we do not learn that any great improvements are contemplated.

Messrs. Marston and Sutton's traveling company has returned from a successful Eastern campaign, but will next week resume operations among the New England towns.

On Monday evening, June 1st, the Kate Denin Ryan Troupe, embracing the names of Kate Denin, Sam Ryan, Fanny Denham and a few others, were announced to open for a few nights at Mechanics' Hall, Utica. The opening piece was to be "East Lynne."

At the Museum, Boston, benefits had full sway last week, all of which were very well attended. Mrs. John Drew was announced to commence a two weeks' engagement on the 1st inst., opening in Madame de Marguerite's dramatization of "Aurora Floyd." Mrs. Drew's engagement will probably extend to four weeks, as she is announced as the last "star," and the season closes July 5th.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers created a great sensation last week at the Boston Theatre, in the character of Lady Audley. On the 1st inst., Mrs. Bowers was announced to appear as Julia, in the "Hunchback." "Woman; or, Love Against the World," a part which she enacted nearly two hundred nights in London, is soon to be produced.

Mr. Edwin Adams is the "star" this week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston. He produces Judge Conrad's play of the "Hereditic." Mr. Adams remains next week. Business at this house is said to have been very flattering to the management.

At the Tremont Theatre, Boston, the Holman Troupe have been successful in the fairy spectacle of "Cinderella." They continue at the "Tremont" this week, bringing out "Beauty and the Beast."

Ettie Henderson commences a short engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 6th of July,

Mr. John C. Myers is making engagements for next season for his circuit of New England towns, and purposes playing the "Seven Sisters," with Mr. McDonough and Miss Lotty Hough, commencing at Portland in September, and making in all a season of fourteen weeks.

Mrs. F. O. Savage, a member of Mr. Marshall's Boston company at the commencement of this season, was buried on the 25th ult. She has long been an invalid. Mrs. Savage first appeared as Miss Caroline Stewart, and was an exemplary wife.

Business at the Washington Theatre, Carusi's Band Box, has fallen off since our last issue. This week is announced as the last of "Uncle Tom." Poor Uncle Tom! when will he die altogether?

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway's business at the Pittsburgh Theatre has not been very good. On the occasion of Mrs. Conway's benefit, she produced "Peep o' Day" to a poor house. They are the "stars" this week.

The drama in Nashville, Tenn., appears to be flourishing. Our correspondent, "Romeo," writing under date of the 27th ult., says:—"We have now two theatres here, Duffield's Theatre and the New Nashville Theatre, as it is called, under the management of Mr. J. R. Allen. The company at the new theatre consists of Miss Mary Mitchell, Mr. M. W. Leffingwell, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Burt, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Harry Taylor, Miss Carrie Novarre, and Miss Pauline Cushman. Mr. J. E. McDonough produced his "Seven Sisters" at the new theatre on last Monday night, May 25th. Miss Lotty Hough also appeared. The old (Duffield's) theatre has the largest and best company, which consists of Mr. Claude Hamilton, W. M. Foster, C. Leslie Allen, Harry Everett, T. R. Duncan, E. Clinton, Harry Jordan, Alfred Stewart, Rogers, Beechy, Ashton, Thomas, Mrs. Hattie Bernard, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Annie Scanlan, Miss Constantine and the Misses Percival. "Hamlet" was produced at Duffield's on Monday, 25th inst., to a crowded audience, this being Mr. Hamilton's second appearance as Hamlet."

The summer season commences at the Holliday street Theatre, Baltimore, this (Monday) evening, June 1st, with Mr. John S. Clark as the star, opening in his great *role* of the immortal Toodles. Miss Effie Germon continues a member of the company.

At the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been the latest production. Mrs. Foster, wife of Old Joe, has become a member of this company.

MUSIC HALLS.



DICK SANDS,

THE GREAT CLOG DANCER.

Above we give a portrait of Dick Sands, the justly celebrated clog dancer. Mr. Sands was born May 2d, 1840, in Berstal, Yorkshire, England; he arrived in this country on the 2d of March, 1858; and made his first appearance on any stage in January, 1859, with Bryant's Minstrels, at their hall on Broadway. He next performed at Rivers' Melodeon, New York, and afterwards at the Philadelphia Melodeon; after which he went with Sloat & Sheppard's Circus, leaving them to return to Bryants' Minstrels, subsequently appearing with Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, in Boston. At present with M. C. Campbell's Minstrels, in Philadelphia. His dancing is characterised by neatness, grace, and artistic skill, and he is considered as one of the best artists in his peculiar line now upon the stage. He is gentlemanly in his deportment, both on and off the boards, and his unassuming manners and artistic abilities have won for him a large number of friends and admirers.

The German Theatre of Columbus, Ohio, located on High street, has been leased by Messrs. Miles & Co., and fitted up in a superior style as a concert hall. Talent of all kinds, including operatic, minstrel, and terpsichorean performers are wanted. See advertisement.

Notwithstanding the powerful opposition of the circus, Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, did a good business last week. Chiriski, the wire walker, is there, and threatens to walk a slack wire across Niagara Falls on the 4th of July. Lew Simmons, with his banjo solos, is a great favorite. Kathleen O'Neil has been delighting the frequenters of this place with her Irish songs. Johnny Hart is the reigning favorite with young Pittsburgh, and Harry Talbott has made a very favorable impression. Millie Theodore commenced with Dick O'Neil on the 1st. We understand that Dick has got things all fixed with Uncle Ben Trimble to run the Varieties next season. The Varieties promises to prove a mine of wealth to the popular Dick O'Neil, and his early retirement with a fortune is not to be classed among impossibilities.

The Dearborn-street Opera House, Chicago, having received a thorough rejuvenation and been fitted up in great style, is now open under the management of Messrs. Van Fleet & Chadwick. Ladies and gentlemen wishing to engage would do well to address their agent, Mr. James Conner, 25 West Houston street.

M'lle Zoe, the premier danseuse, who is now one of the principal attractions with Jane English's company, will shortly open at the Dearborn-street Opera House, Chicago.

At Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, Andy Leavitt, Johnny Mulligan, and Billy West continue to delight all by their negro eccentricities. The Court of Beauty is well represented by Miss Jenny Engel, Ada Laurent, Tilly Forbes, Maggie Marshall, Fanny Devere, and Julia Robinson. With such a display of female beauty in various colored tarletan, any place of amusement ought to succeed. John Clusky, the jig dancer, Frank Wood, in his Essence of Old Virginia, and Sig. Bliss and son, in athletic exercises, continue members of Manager Lea's company. Business is said to be very good at the Melodeon.

The Washington Varieties has been doing a splendid business during the past week. On the 29th, a complimentary benefit was tendered Mr. W. S. Budworth, who has become a great favorite with the Washingtonians. A host of volunteers appeared, including many from the Canterbury Music Hall. "The French Spy" is in active rehearsal at this house. Friend Pilgrim—notwithstanding reports to the contrary—continues at the helm of this house, managing its arduous duties with a tact and energy which many years of active life in the profession has enabled him to be possessed of, and which places him among the first of concert hall managers.

The gifted sisters M'lle Augusta and Marie, who are now engaged at the Canterbury, Washington, have won golden opinions from all who have witnessed their execution of the difficult acts in which they appear.

The Bowery, St. Louis, is doing a fine business with the spectacle of "Aladdin," and the usual excellent performance. M'lle Leonora, the *premiere danseuse* of this establishment, was to take a benefit on Friday evening, May 29th. Miss Jennie Dumont, comedienne, and Miss Pauline Cushman are shortly to appear there.

At Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, Mr. T. D. Currie, a singer of the Sam Cowell kind, makes his first appearance on the 1st of June. Mr. Albert Braham, tenor singer, also begins at the Casino, on the same evening. Miss Susie Summerfield also joins the company. The Casino is doing a snug business.

Some very good performances are given at the Continental, Philadelphia, just now, the principal artists being Miss Ernestine de Faiber, Kitty Blanchard, Julia Price; Mr. Jackson Haines, Mike McKenna, the Wallace Brothers, etc.

I. L. Davis was to have opened a place last week at the corner of Sixth and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, but a postponement until June 1st was rendered necessary. The place is called Davis' Opera House.

At Long's Varieties, Philadelphia, Miss Fanny Gilmore and Md'lle. La Forrest are among the attractions this week. La Petite Matilda, danseuse, also enters upon an engagement there.

At the Canterbury Music Hall, Washington, D. C., they are doing a thriving business, with M'lle Annetta Galletti and Miss Eva Brent as the bright particular stars, both of whom are deservedly popular. The return of the old favorites, Miss Kate Pennoyer and Mr. H. W. Eagan, is hailed with delight by their admirers. Mr. J. S. Edwards, a very fine performer, made his *debut* at this house on the 1st inst., as Dick Turpin.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Duprez and Green's Minstrels had a slight difficulty at Keokuk, Iowa, on the 21st. It seems that the person whom they sent ahead to engage the Hall and attend to other business, made use of language in the *Gate City News Office*, that did not become a Union loving man. The consequence was that Madame Rumor soon had it that the minstrel boys were disloyal, and were "high up" for Dixie. Before the company could appear, Mr. Duprez was obliged to come out in a card denying the report, and pledging himself and every member of the company a staunch Union man. The entertainments given by this party are invariably interspersed with patriotic airs, whilst no disloyal airs are ever permitted to be sung or disloyal allusions made.

Duprez and Green's Minstrels are doing a fine business in the great West. Col. Ellinger, the ticket seller, has been kept very busy of late taking in the greenbacks. On the 18th ult., the company was at Rock Island, across the river from Davenport. On the 20th and 21st, they were at Burlington, and had crowded houses each night. On the 23d, they opened at the Athenæum, Keokuk, Iowa, to an overflowing house. The same was repeated

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